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Julie Gunsaulis

There Was an Old Lady Who Lived in a House

There was an old lady who lived in a house, and many a time, I sat on her couch.

I drank her black coffee when I was three.

It reminds me of her now, so I prefer tea.

She made blueberry pancakes on her little white stove

And harbored endless supplies of fresh bread and Oreos

Our adopted Grandma – that's what we called her

Because she wasn't related to my mother or father

I still remember dream-filled naps on her bed

And the gentle way she used to pat my head

She was going to be at my wedding; my baby shower,

Wielding a blanket made with hours upon hours

Of knitting in that green recliner

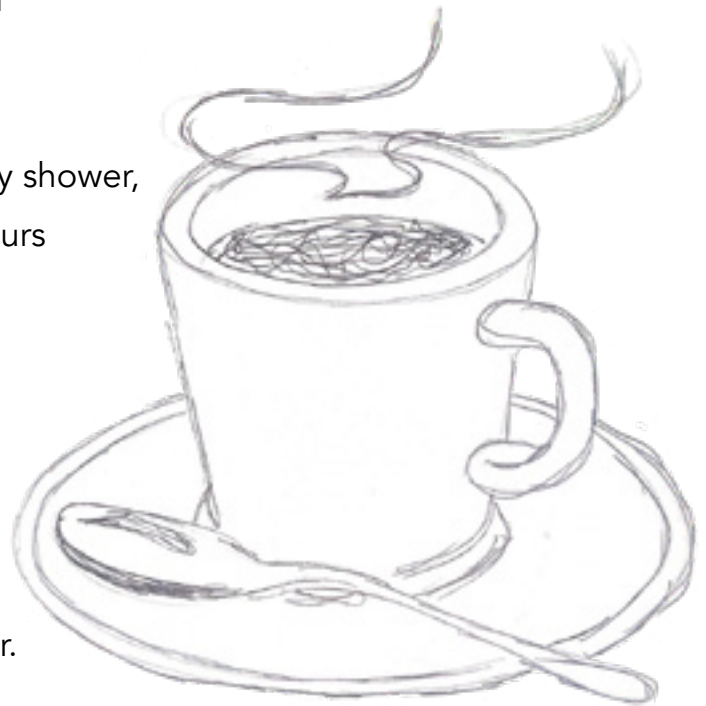
With her grumpy tabby curled up beside her.

She was at my sixteenth birthday,

All auburn curls and plenty to say

I hadn't thought her time might be near,

But you never do with the ones you hold dear.



Now there are strangers who live in her house, and never again will I sit on her couch.